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EVERY-DAY LIFE of Abraham Lincoln.

By FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

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The 10 years following the close of Lincoln's Congressional service, in 1849, were given to the uninterrupted practice of the law, to which he devoted himself laboriously and successfully, though not with great pecuniary gains. His legal fees were regarded by his brethren at the bar as "ridiculous small." His practice had extended to the Supreme Court of his State and to the United States District and Circuit Courts, and he was occasionally retained for cases in other States. With greater love of money and less sympathy for his fellows, he might easily have acquired a fortune from his business.

APPEARANCE IN COURT.

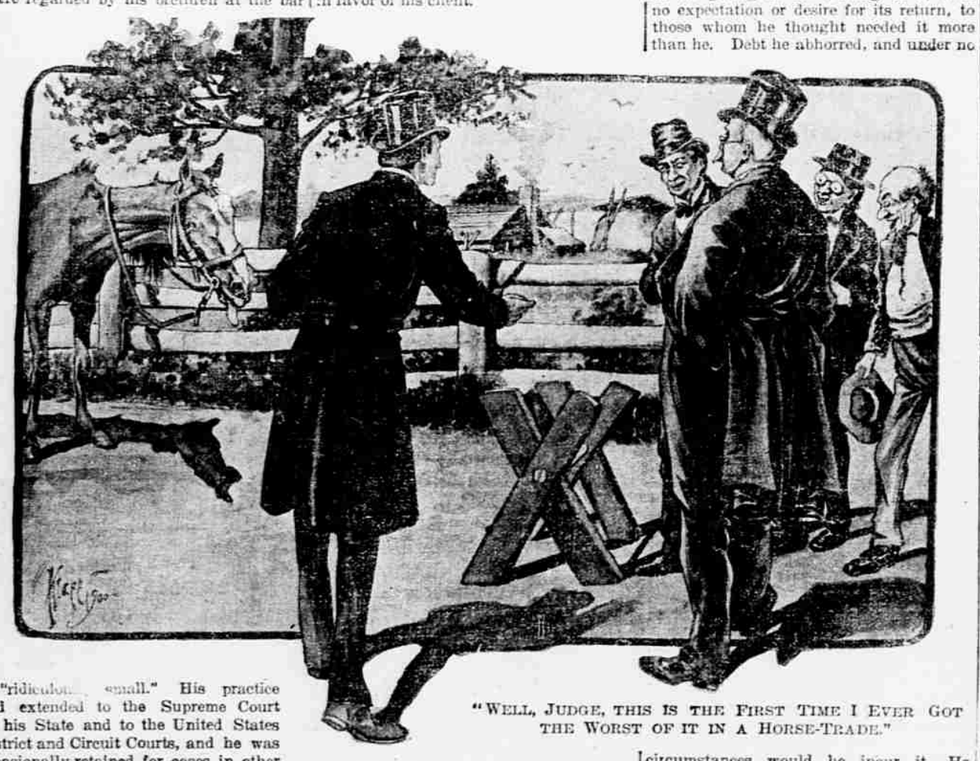
An unusually interesting and vivid description of Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance and manner in the trial of a case is furnished by one who was a witness of the scenes which he so admirably describes. The writer says: "While living in Danville, Ill., in 1854, I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time. The occasion of Mr. Lincoln's visit was as prosecutor of a slander suit brought by Dr. Fithian against a wealthy farmer, whose wife died under the doctor's hands. The defense was represented by Edward A. Hannegan, of Indiana, ex-United States Senator, and afterward Minister to Berlin, an able and eloquent man, and O. B. Ficklin, who, after Douglas and Lincoln, was considered the best lawyer in Illinois. Mr. Lincoln had all he could do to maintain himself against his two formidable adversaries, but he was equal to the occasion.

"The trial lasted three or four days, the examination of witnesses consuming most of the time. In this part of the work Mr. Lincoln displayed remarkable tact. He did not badger the witnesses or attempt to confuse them. His questions were plain and practical, and elicited answers that had a direct bearing upon the case. He did nothing for effect, and made no attempt to dazzle the jury or captivate the audience.

"When he arose to speak he was confronted by an audience that was too numerous for all to find seats in the court-room. He was attired in a fine broadcloth suit, silk hat, and polished boots. His neck was encircled by an old-fashioned silk choker. He perspired freely, and used a red silk handkerchief to remove the perspiration. His clothes fitted him, and he was as genteel looking as any man in the audience. The slouchy appearance which he is said to have presented later in life was conspicuously absent. As he stood before the vast audience, towering above every person around him, he was the center of attraction.

"I can never forget how he looked, as he cast his eyes over the crowd before beginning his argument. His face was long and sallow; high cheek bones; large, deep-set eyes of a grayish-brown color, shaded by heavy eyebrows; high but not broad forehead; large, well-formed head, covered with an abundance of coarse black hair, worn rather long, through which he frequently passed his fingers; arms and legs of unusual length; head inclined slightly forward, which made him appear stoop-shouldered. His features betrayed neither excitement nor anxiety; they were calm and fixed; in short, his appearance was that of a man who felt the responsibility of his position, and was determined to acquit himself to the best of his ability.

"I do not remember the points of his speech, but his manner was so peculiar, so different from that of other orators whom I have heard, that I can never forget it. He spoke for almost two hours, entirely without notes, and with an eloquence that I have never heard surpassed. He was all life, all motion; every muscle and fiber of his body seemed brought into requisition. His voice was clear, distinct, and well modulated. Every word was clean-cut and exactly suited to its place. At times he would stoop over until his hands almost swept the floor. Then he would straighten himself up, fold his arms across his breast, and take a few steps forward or back. This movement completed, he would fling his arms above his head, or thrust them beneath his coat-tails, elevating or depressing his voice to suit the attitude assumed and the sentiment expressed. Arms and legs were continually in motion. It seemed impossible for him to stand still. In the midst of the most impassioned or pathetic portions of his speech he would extend his long arms toward the Judge or jury, and shake his bony fingers with an effect that is indescribable. He held his audience to the last, and when he sat down there was a murmur of applause, which the Judge with difficulty prevented from swelling to a roar. The argument must have been as able as the manner of the speaker was attractive, for the verdict was in favor of his client.



"WELL, JUDGE, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER GOT THE WORST OF IT IN A HORSE-TRADE."

"When he had retired to his hotel after the trial, and while conversing with a number of gentlemen who had called to pay their respects to him, Mr. Lincoln was informed that an old colored woman, who had known him years before in Kentucky, wished to see him. She was too feeble to come to him, and desired him to go to her. Ascertaining where she lived, Mr. Lincoln started at once, accompanied by a boy who acted as pilot. He found the woman in a wretched hovel in the outskirts of the town, sick and destitute. He remembered her very well, as she had belonged to the owner of the farm upon which Mr. Lincoln was born. He gave her money to supply her immediate wants, promised her that he would see she did not suffer for the necessaries of life, and when he returned to town hunted up a physician and engaged him to give the old woman all the medical attention that her case demanded.

REMINISCENCES OF A LAW STUDENT.

Mr. G. W. Harris, a clerk in Lincoln's law office at Springfield, furnishes some excellent reminiscences of that interesting period. "A cracked-brained attorney who lived in Springfield, supported mainly, as I understood, by the other lawyers of the place, became indebted, in the sum of $2.50, to a wealthy citizen of the County, a recent comer. The creditor, failing, after repeated efforts, to collect the amount due him, came to Mr. Lincoln and asked him to bring suit. Mr. Lincoln explained the man's condition and circumstances, and advised his client to let the matter rest, but the creditor's temper was up, and he insisted on having suit brought.

"Again Mr. Lincoln urged him to let the matter drop, adding, 'You can make nothing out of him, and it will cost you a good deal more than the debt to bring suit.' The creditor was still determined to have his way, and threatened to seek some other attorney who would be more willing to take charge of the matter than Mr. Lincoln appeared to be.

"Mr. Lincoln then said, 'Well, if you are determined that suit shall be brought, I will bring it; but my charge will be $10.' The money was paid him, and peremptory orders were given that the suit be brought that day. After the client's departure Mr Lincoln went out of the office, returning in about an hour with an amused look on his face. I asked what pleased him, and he replied, 'I brought suit against ——, and then hunted him up, told him what I had done, handed him half of the $10, and we went over to the squire's office. He confessed judgment and paid the bill.' Mr Lincoln added that he didn't see any other way to make things satisfactory for his client as well as the rest of the parties.

"Mr. Lincoln was not an Abolitionist in those early days; but he was a growing man, and those who were the closest to him knew which way his steps were leading him. It was said that when the Whig party died Mr. Lincoln was 'at sea,' not knowing whither to go. I never believed it. His clear perception of the right, his honesty of character, and his kindness of heart, left no doubt in the minds of those knowing him where he would be found when the time for action came. Recognizing fully, as he did, that this Government could not exist half-slave and half-free, but must become all one or the other, it was impossible for him to do otherwise than attach himself to the Republican party.

"Mr. Lincoln had a heart that was more a woman's than a man's—filled to overflowing with sympathy for those in trouble, and ever ready to relieve them by any means in his power. He was ever thoughtful of other's comforts, even to the forgetting of himself. Even in those early days his face wore a sad look when at rest—a look that made you feel that you would like to take from him a part of his burden. One who knew him then, and had since known his career, would be inclined to think that he already felt premonitions of the heavy burdens that his broad shoulders were to bear, and the sorrows that his kind heart would have to endure.

"Mr. Lincoln was fond of playing chess and checkers, and usually acted cautiously upon the defensive until the game had reached a stage where aggressive movements were clearly justified. He was also somewhat fond of ten-pins, and occasionally indulged in a game. Whatever may have been his tastes in his younger days, at this period of his life he took no interest in fishing-rod or gun. He was indifferent to dress, careless almost to a fault of his personal appearance. The same indifference extended to money. So long as his wants were supplied—and they were few and simple—he seemed to have no further use for money, except in the giving or the lending of it, with no expectation or desire for its return, to those whom he thought needed it more than he. Debt he abhorred, and under no circumstances would he incur it. He was abstemious in every respect. I have heard him say that he did not know the taste of liquor. At the table he preferred plain food, and a very little satisfied him.

"Under no circumstances would he, as an attorney, take a case he knew to be wrong. Every possible means was used to get at the truth, before he would undertake a case. More cases, by his advice, were settled without trial than he carried into the courts, and that, too, without charge. When, on one occasion, I suggested that he ought to make a charge in such cases, he laughingly answered, 'They wouldn't want to pay me; they don't think I have earned a fee unless I take the case into court and make a speech or two.' When trivial cases were brought to him, such as would most probably be carried no farther than a magistrate's office, and he could not induce a settlement without trial, he would generally refer them to some young attorney, for whom he would speak a good word at the same time. He was ever kind and courteous to these young beginners when he was the opposing counsel. He had a happy knack of setting them at their ease and encouraging them. The consequence was he was the favorite of all who came in contact with him. When his heart was in a case he was a powerful advocate. I have heard more than one attorney say that it was little use to expect a favorable verdict in any case where Lincoln was opposing counsel, as his simple statements of the facts had more weight with the jury than those of the witnesses.

"As a student (if such a term could be applied to Mr. Lincoln) one who did not know him might have called him indolent. He would pick up a book and run rapidly over the pages, pausing here and there. At the end of an hour—never, as I remember, more than two or three hours—he would close the book, stretch himself out on the office lounge, and with hands under his head, and eyes shut, he would digest the mental food he had just taken.

"Alexander Campbell, the founder of a religious sect, once delivered a lecture in Springfield. Mr. Lincoln was in the audience. At the close of the lecture he, with many others, was introduced to the speaker. Upon Lincoln's return to the office he remarked to me with evident pleasure that he had just been introduced to and shaken the hand of a man whose name would go honorably down to posterity. He little thought how much more enduring would be his own name and fame. He was always quick to see talent in others, but failed to appreciate himself.

"In the Spring of 1846 war between the United States and Mexico broke out. Mr. Lincoln was opposed to the war. He looked upon it as unnecessary and unjust. Volunteers were called for. John J. Hardin, who lost his life in that war, and Edward D. Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff during our civil war,—both Whigs,—were engaged in raising regiments. Meetings were held and speeches made. At one of them after Baker and others had spoken, Lincoln, who was in the audience, was called for, and the call was repeated until at last he ascended the platform. He thanked the audience for the compliment paid him in the wish they had expressed to hear him talk, and said he would gladly make them a speech if he had anything to say. But he was not going into the war, and as he was not going himself he did not feel like telling others to go. He would simply leave it to each individual to do as he thought his duty called for. After a few remarks more and a story 'with a nib to it,' he bowed himself off the platform.

"About a year after this Mr. Lincoln was seeking to be nominated for Congress. Finding the writing of letters (at his dictation) to influential men in the different Counties and even precincts of the district somewhat burdensome, I suggested printing circulars. He objected, on the ground that a printed letter would not have the same effect that a written one would; the latter had the appearance of personality; it was more flattering to the receiver, and would more certainly gain his assistance, or at least his good-will. In discussing the probabilities of his nomination I remarked that there was so much unfairness, if not downright trickery used, that it appeared to me almost useless to seek a nomination without resort to similar means. His reply was: 'I want to be nominated; I would like to go to Congress; but if I can not do so by fair means, I prefer to stay at home.' He was nominated, and in the following Fall was elected by a majority over three times as large as the district had ever before given.

"Mr. Lincoln, like many others in their callow days, scribbled verses, and so far as I was capable of judging, their quality was above the average. It was accidentally that I learned this. In arranging the books and papers in the office I found two or three quires of letter paper stitched together in book form, and nearly filled with poetical effusions in Mr. Lincoln's handwriting, and evidently original. I looked through them somewhat hurriedly, and when Mr. Lincoln came in showed him the manuscript, asking him if it was his. His response was, 'Where did you find it?' and rolling it up put it in his coat-tail pocket; and I saw it no more. Afterwards, in speaking of the matter to Mr. Lincoln's partner, he said, 'I believe he has at times scribbled some verses, but he is, I think, somewhat unwilling to have it known.'"

AN "OFFICE COPY" OF BYRON.

Lincoln's love of poetry is further shown by the following incident, related by a gentleman who visited the old law office of Lincoln & Herndon, at Springfield. He says: "I took up carelessly, as I stood thinking, a handsome octavo volume on the business table. It opened so persistently at one place, as I played with it, that I looked to see what it was, and found that somebody had thoroughly thumbed the pages of 'Don Juan.' I knew Mr. Herndon was not a man to dwell on it and it darted through my mind that perhaps it had been a favorite with Mr. Lincoln. 'Did Mr. Lincoln ever read this book?' I said, hurriedly. 'That book?' said Herndon, looking up from his writing with the utmost innocence, and taking it out of my hand, 'O, yes; he read it often. It is the office copy.'" Mr. Lincoln was so fond of the book that he kept it ready to his hand.

KEEPING PARTNERSHIP ACCOUNTS.

Maj. John T. Stuart, Lincoln's first law partner, says of him that his accounts were correctly kept, but in a manner peculiar to himself. Soon after their law partnership was formed Mr. Stuart was elected to Congress, thereafter spending much of his time in Washington. Mr. Lincoln conducted the business of the firm in his absence. When Mr. Stuart reached home, at the close of the first session of Congress, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to give him an account of the earnings of the office during his absence. The charges for fees and entry of receipts of money were not in an account book, but stowed away in a drawer in Lincoln's desk, among the papers in each case. He proceeded to lay the papers before Mr. Stuart, taking up each case by itself. The amount would run in this way:

Fees charged in this case..... $
Amount collected..... $
Stuart's half..... $

The half belonging to Mr. Stuart would invariably accompany the papers in the case, and it was produced and paid over on the spot.

LINCOLN'S CHARGES FOR LEGAL SERVICES.

Mr. Lincoln had the reputation of being very moderate in his charges. He was never grasping, and seemed incapable of believing that his services could be worth much to any one. Issac Hawley, a citizen of Springfield, and long a prosperous merchant at that place, who became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in his early manhood, relates an instance showing Mr. Lincoln's estimate of fees for his professional services. Mr. Hawley says that a suit in an action of ejectment for a piece of land in Brown County, in the "military tract," was commenced against him in the United States Court at Chicago. Mr. Lincoln happening in his store one day he informed him of the matter, knowing that he was going to Chicago to attend the next term of the United States Court, and asked him if he would give the suit attention. Mr. Lincoln took the case in charge. After a term or two had passed, Mr. Lincoln having asked some attorney residing in Chicago to look after the case during term time, in his absence, the latter presently got the case dismissed from the docket. Although the case never came to trial, yet it appears that it must have received considerable attention from Mr. Lincoln, first and last. Meeting Mr. Lincoln a considerable time thereafter, Mr. Hawley asked him how his case was getting along at the United States Court at Chicago. Mr. Lincoln replied that the client would hear nothing more about it; that a lawyer, a friend of his in Chicago, who had looked after the case in his absence, had got it dismissed from the docket, and the matter was at an end. Mr. Hawley thought it was time to inquire of Mr. Lincoln about his charges, which he supposed, from what he knew of lawyer's fees, would be about $50. In answer to his inquiry, Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, Isaac, I think I will charge you about $10; I think that will be about right." Mr. Hawley responded that he certainly thought it was very reasonable.

THE TRIAL OF BILL ARMSTRONG.

One of the most famous cases in which Mr. Lincoln engaged was that of William D. Armstrong, son of Jack and Hannah Armstrong, of New Salem, the child whom Mr. Lincoln had rocked in the cradle while Mrs. Armstrong attended to other household duties. Jack Armstrong, it will be remembered, was an early friend of Lincoln's, whom he had conquered in a wrestling match on his first arrival in New Salem.

(Continued on seventh page.)

LETTERS from the FIELD

Contemporaneous Accounts of Events in the History of the 98th Ohio.

BY THE LATE J. M. BRANUM.

Lieut. Branum's letters to his family in Bridgeport, O., narrate his almost daily experience with the 98th, from its departure from Camp Mingo, O., in August, 1862, to March 19, 1865, when he fell at Bentonville, N. C., in the last battle in which Sherman's army was engaged.

RESACA, GA., Monday, May 16, 1864.

We supposed yesterday that a big day's fight was in store for us, from the disposition being made of the troops, but the day wore away, and we were not called upon, and spent the time taking needed rest. The skirmish line, however, kept up a constant fire along the whole line, and an immense amount of ammunition was expended.

The rebels had a battery stationed across the creek a short distance away, but our sharpshooters rendered it useless by killing all the horses and any gunners who showed themselves. We could not get the guns away, as the rebs covered them with their musketry.

About 10 o'clock at night the enemy made an attack, and great alarm prevailed for a time; our lines opened with artillery and musketry, and for half an hour the battle raged. It soon quieted down, and we began to think that no big fight would occur.

The rebs are strongly fortified around Resaca in the shape of a horse-shoe, our lines conforming around them in the order of the Fourth Corps on our left wing; next, the Twentieth and Twenty-third, with the Fourteenth in the center; then the Fifteenth and Sixteenth on our right.

ADVANCE TO ROME.

Monday, May 16.—We discovered this morning that the enemy had left. We were ordered in pursuit. We marched back for knapsacks, and then took the road for Rome. It was a hot day; we marched fast, and many boys fell out from fatigue. The road is level, and country beautiful; fine houses and farms are to be seen everywhere. We marched till 10 o'clock, and lay down at night exhausted.

Near Rome, Ga., Tuesday, May 17.—Moved at daylight; marched rapidly all day, passing many fine plantations and houses. At 4 o'clock encounter the enemy in force, and had a sharp skirmish; 60 killed and wounded; none from our regiment. We will fortify during the night.

Near Rome, Ga., Wednesday, May 18.—Rebels all gone this morning, and bridge across the river burned. Great destruction of property by our army. We put up tents, and are "at home" once more. We lay all day in a grove, a mile from town. Those over the river get much plunder—large quantities of tobacco, cigars, wines, and clothing were gobbled.

Near Rome, Ga., May 19.—Hot weather. Lay around expecting to move. Get plenty of rebel papers, but none from the North.

Rome, Ga., May 22, 1864.—We are camped here in a beautiful grove by the roadside, but a short distance from the river. The rebs left town after our late skirmish, and McCook's Brigade moved over the river and took up quarters.

driven from the mountain country around Dalton, and will have more open country to work in. We do not know yet what Gen. Grant has done in Virginia, but we think we have done our share. We have been fighting all the time on the offensive in an outrageous country to soldier in. The prisoners we have taken are all fine-looking fellows, stout, hearty, and very spunky for their cause. They claim they have plenty to eat, and will fight us to the last.

Soldiering is coarse at times, as you may judge from what I have written, but for all I would rather be here than any place else just now, and would not exchange our last three weeks of campaigning, its grand and interesting events, for a whole year of peaceful life.

In my letters I have never attempted to give any emotions, thoughts, and reflections that would occupy my mind at times which were big with interest, and always will be to millions of people; to be present, engage with, and witness the operations of 100,000 men is no small circumstance in any one's lifetime, and I can remember these times as the grandest of my life. Nothing but history can record the results of our campaigns and it will take volumes to record their incidents, sufferings, and pleasantries.

May 23.—We move to Van Wert, 25 miles from here in a southeasterly direction.

THROUGH A RICH COUNTRY.

Tuesday, May 24.—We moved this morning at daylight, and traveled steadily along the Van Wert Road, making 18 miles. As we left Rome we passed some splendid plantations. The first one we passed had an army, almost, of negro women and children. The owner of this place had left a few days before, taking with him all able-bodied negro men. We passed many more such places, with their big cotton presses. Every plantation seemed double-stocked with negroes, all brought down from points further north. Their owners were still taking them further south, but many managed to get into our lines.

About eight miles from Rome we came to a dense forest, and traveled through it all the afternoon. There was not a drop of water through the whole forest, but in the evening "we got out of the wilderness" at a place called Big Spring Plantation, and there we camped for the night. It was a big spring, for a volume of water as large as an ordinary creek came rushing out from under the rocks. We fixed up for the night, and prepared for rain, which began to pour in torrents about 8 o'clock.

Wednesday, May 25.—We moved at 8 o'clock in an easterly direction towards Dallas, our stopping-place for the night having been a few miles from Van Wert. We soon struck the trail of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps, and well do they leave their mark. The first house we came to where they had traveled was torn down, the smoke-house cleaned out, piano, looking-glasses, clocks, etc., smashed to pieces. Such vandalism is a disgrace but such is the way of these "Vicksburg" fellows. On the road from Rome, where our division marched, there has not been a house molested.

SKIRMISHERS SHARPSHOOTING WITH THE REBS.

Considerable cotton, shelled corn, salt meat, and other Quartermaster stores were captured, and our boys were loaded with plunder. It seems a pity that it should be so, but it can not be helped in the army. Negroes, that have been scarce around Chattanooga, are now coming in in large numbers. They are the regular plantation darkies miserably dressed, but mighty glad to get among the Yankees. Cars are now expected up from Kingston, and we look for mail, having heard nothing from the North since the 1st of May.

The rebel papers publish full accounts of Johnston's victories over Sherman, while we have been driving them ever since the campaign opened. We now have them

In the afternoon we traveled through another spruce forest for seven miles. It was shady, and we marched easily and leisurely. Toward evening we heard cannonading ahead, and then marched briskly to come to where it was. We continued on until 10 o'clock at night. We were much fatigued, and had marched over 20 miles.

The battle had raged fearfully in our front, and when we halted we were within a few miles of the troops engaged. It was raining hard when we stopped, but by 12 o'clock we had coffee and lay down in wet blankets and slept till morning. We marched at 6 o'clock and came to Hooker's Corps, where they had been fighting the evening before. Our fellows had run the rebs out and occupied their rifle-pits.

HARD MARCHING.

We had taken the wrong road, and were turned about and marched to where we spent the night and took the road to Dallas. Marching forward at noon, with no stop for dinner, and on a hot day, on a dusty road, and carrying your load, is hard work, and if a fellow feels like wishing his time was out it is on an occasion like this.

We reached Dallas at 3 o'clock and found the Fifteenth Corps coming in at the same time, the rebels leaving before our skirmishers. We camped for the night, heavy cannonading being heard on our left. By one of the fortunes of war, the 43d Ohio was camped near, and I met many Bridgeport boys, after an interval of almost three years. Heavy cannonading is going on, and it is thought we have brought the enemy to a standstill.

ARRIVAL OF MAIL FROM HOME.

Near Dallas, Ga., May 29.—We camped near this little town last night, and were favored with a mail, brought up by a supply-train, and never was it more welcomed. Accounts of the departure of the "100-days men" from Bridgeport were most interesting to us. It is pleasing to know that the people of the North are recognizing the magnitude of this war, and are devoting their attention to putting down the rebellion. For the first time during the war, the 98th Ohio camped by the 43d regiment last night, and it was almost equal to a visit home for me to meet and talk to the Bridgeport boys—Obe Davis, John Smith, Luth Stewart, John Ryan and many others; were all in good spirits, and when I was there were frying pork for their suppers. This morning we moved three miles to the front and our division formed in line-of-battle connecting with Hooker on the left and with McPherson on the right. We face to the east and are near the road leading from Dallas to Marietta, the latter on the railroad, 15 miles distant. The rebs are established in a fortified line on a range of hills, and have a strong position. Our regiment is on the skirmish-line, and is strung out for over a mile in front of the division, and within shooting distance of the rebels.

I am now back with Co. C, which is in reserve. With a glass I can see the rebs on the hills in front of the regiment; are working lively at cutting trees and planting a battery. Hooker has been fighting hard all day, and it is painful to listen to the continuous musketry and cannonading.

FAITH IN SHERMAN.

Altogether it has been a hard day on us, away here in the Georgia wilderness, with a strong, numerous and defiant foe to fight. We have full faith in Sherman and believe he will direct things successfully.

Saturday, May 28.—This has been another tiresome and harassing day with us, both for body and mind. We have been all day on the skirmish-line; the rebs have kept up a steady fire by their sharpshooters and at times brisk cannonading; shells have bothered us a great deal. Last night the enemy attacked our line at the point where our men joined with McCook's Brigade; there was a serious time for a while; the rebs charged down the hill and became mixed in with our men, and for a time there was a grab-game for prisoners; our regiment got four, McCook's Brigade 33, but it is reported lost 20 or 30.

One of those taken by our regiment was wounded. With him I talked for awhile. He was an intelligent fellow, and belonged to the 17th Ala., Polk's Corps, and seemed much pleased at the treatment he was receiving in our hands. He said he scarcely expected to be allowed to live, from what he had heard of us. In having his wound dressed, his pocketbook fell out; it was picked up and handed back to him—something he said he never expected.

The rebels charged McPherson's lines three times, but were driven back each time with a loss of three to one. On our left, Johnson's Division of our corps was badly used up, losing nearly a whole brigade in vainly attempting to take the secure works of the rebs. Wilson Finney, an old friend of mine, was killed yesterday on the skirmish-line by a rebel picket. The 98th was relieved last night at midnight, after being out 48 hours, and we were nearly all used up from loss of sleep and want of something to eat.

Near Dallas, Ga., Monday, May 30.—Well, I will continue my notes in "diary" style, as a means of putting in the time. To begin with, it is a beautiful day; a soft breeze is blowing; I am seated on a split-bottomed chair, leaning against and under the shade of a tree, near a log house, where Col. Pearce has his headquarters. The house was deserted by its occupants a few days ago, and everything about it has been torn up and ransacked. In the yard are hitched the horses of the officers, and on the ground and under the trees are grouped the officers; clerks, orderlies and colored servants are snoozing on their blankets.

Up in the woods a little ways, in front of us, the regiment is at work, throwing up breastworks and digging trenches. Near them is the skirmish-line, the men of which are popping away with rebs, in sharpshooting; in musket range of our skirmishers are those of the rebs, and a little in the rear of them is the rebel line; on the hill beyond them the rebs have earthworks and a battery, and from it they shell us savagely at times.

On our right and left are the other regiments of our brigade and division; on the right of our division are the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Corps, and away to our left is the rest of the Fourteenth Corps, and also Hooker's, Howard's and Schofield's Corps, making in all a line of almost 15 miles long.

The rebs occupy a ridge called Lost Mountain all along in front, and to get them off is what bothers us. We brought them up at this place last Thursday, and ever since have been feeling around trying to learn the shape of their lines, getting acquainted with the country, and making ourselves at home generally. This is the "position" and "situation" at present, but we do not know how long it will continue.

FIERCE FIGHTING ALONG THE LINES.

It is not "all quiet along the lines" by any means. There has been several of the biggest fights on our right and left it has been our fortune to listen to. It is difficult